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harry

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DYNAMITE ISSUE

Letters

Dear Harry,

Thanks for being. You're certainly helping to keep my head where it's at, though I can't help remembering where it's been. After the beautiful togetherness of D.C., Baltimore City has been a bust. But, there must be hope or you wouldn't be here. Baltimore freaks, come together!

Pax,
Mindy

People of Baltimore:

Baltimore can be truly (you sarcastic freak!) the fun capitol of the east. We must see that our city becomes as such. ONLY we can do this job efficiently and sufficiently. Fuck you if you don't try, and have a lousy time and a complete hassle in California if you desert us. People are staying here in Baltimore and working their asses off to get something going for you. Just remember: these people aren't Mommy and Daddy, and if you don't help, one day you will find them gone and Mr. PIG will rule all.

Quit complaining and get it together

WE'VE GOT TO BE HAPPY AND STONED!

PLEASE HELP

PLEASE HELP

PLEASE HELP

NOBODY ELSE IS GONNA DO IT FOR US! NOBODY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stay stoned,
David Shepard

Dear Harry,

I enjoyed your article on Underground Radio in the March 6th issue. I'm afraid I'll have to agree with the conclusions, too--ABC's "Love" is a Mister Jones-ish approach to rock, but it'll be the best Baltimore will ever have...such a waste.

Anybody who wants to understand the prevailing attitude in radio ought to work here for a few weeks. Perfect frustration. We have a pretty interesting history, too: among other things, we had Greg Omar Kihn on-the-air from September, 1968 to January, 1969 under the name of "Captain Audio". We also played the bootlegged "Let It Be" ten days before the Ed Sullivan premiere.

Things are getting better here, though. Despite the shackles of an over-fifty manager, between National Guard spots and Andre Kostelanetz you can occasionally hear Pentangle, the Supremes, John Sebastian, Traffic, or the Fifth Avenue Band. And sometimes, just for laughs, the five minute edition of "Down

in the Alley" or "Je T'Aime, Moi Non Plus."

Our biggest problem is distributors, who don't seem to realize we exist, and the fact that with our stereo all-album format we often come out like a slightly

whacked edition of WFBR.

But don't let our problems bother you. Best wishes for continued success here in the soulful cemetery we know and love, from all here at 91.5.

Rod Morgan
Music Director,
WBIC-FM Stereo

Harry and Readers,

It seems as though the people of Baltimore need more to bring them together, not as a body, but as a spirit. Some event without claptrap and clutter, and what better time for the strengthening of spirit than spring?

Would like to invite such a gathering for the community. At Wyman Park, sunrise, on Easter morning. A gathering where there will be no speeches, except those made to oneself, no call to commitment, except those made for one's own conscience...a time of silent communication and brotherhood.

Come together,

Michael & Sus Gilbert

Dear Harry,

I read a letter you printed from a person sending you a contribution. I think your paper is really Great!, so naturally I have to add my two cents worth.

Love,
Marsha

EJ. Note: The preceding letter came with two pennies enclosed.



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Fellowship of Lights Meeting
Monday, March 30 9:00 Central YMCA

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RAP BROWN TRIAL

DME

Pretrial motions in the trial of Rap Brown for arson and riot in Cambridge, Md., 1967, were argued Monday, March 9 before Judge Dyer by defense lawyers William Kunstler and Carl Broege, both from New York. Brown, who does not like the beginning of trials and is publicity-shy, according to Kunstler, was not present. About 150 spectators, 1/3 of whom represented various papers, radio and TV networks listened as the two lawyers contested the indictment against Brown. How, the defense argues, could the indictment have Brown committed the arson of the Pine St. Elementary School and, at the same time, procuring, aiding and abetting such arson "in absentia." Defense lawyers were also able to procure the tape made of a speech Brown gave from the top of a car on the night of July 17, 1967, despite suggestion of the prosecution that the defense would tamper with it.

Nothing seemed too serious in the quaint country court with its wooden balustrades and chandelier — the judge folksy, defense mod — with network artists sketching sway. "Inter-linations, tainst, joinder, tumultuous" were some of the legal phrasings used. But later in the morning, chanting was evident in front of the southern-style court square. The Baltimore Soul School, Baltimore Defense Committee, and Black Panthers had arrived to organize demonstrations, adding a little reality and politics to the scene.

In the early morning of Tuesday, March 10, two friends of Brown's, later identified as former SNCC workers Ralph Featherstone and William Payne, were shredded by an explosion in their car. They were heading south towards Baltimore and Washington at the time. Police, suggesting that the two had found the courthouse too guarded to bomb, said that they were carrying the bombs, which accidentally went off. The body of the passenger, Payne, for some time unidentifiable, was without arms and legs. The police surmised he was bending over the explosives between his legs in the right front of the car. A battery had rammed up through his jaw into his head. State police also revealed the text of a type-written note found on Featherstone's body as follows: *To Amerika. I'm playing head-up murder. And I'm playing for keeps cause when the deal goes down I'm gon be standing in your chest screaming like Tarzan, and the loser pays the cut. Dynamite is my response to your justice. Guns and bullets are my answers to your killers and oppressors and victory is my sermon in your death. For my people I'll chase you into pit of hell with both barrels smoking and may the best man win and God bless the loser.*

Power than peace.

Bei Air black militant Tiger Davis suggested that the police had come up with a story most favorable to the white man. He, along with Kunstler and movement people here suggested that the bombs were placed by persons unfriendly to Brown who thought he would be in the car. Skid marks were observed on the highway directly behind the exploded car suggesting braking; persons here have speculated that the bombs were under the right seat and detonated by radio, or that the two were stopped, then bombed.

Kunstler, at first feared that the unidentified body was that of Brown, his client, but Baltimore black militant, Walter Lively, saw it and said it wasn't. Friends of Featherstone in Washington say that he and Payne had gone to Cambridge to prepare safe entry for Brown. Brown, who left New York on Sunday is whereabouts unknown. Kunstler fears he may have met foul play. *We believe*

that the bomb was intended for H. Rap Brown, a movement leaflet here notes.

It is significant to note that the car that was driven and destroyed had been used over the past five years throughout the Blackbelt of the south. The car was well known to State and Federal authorities. Ralph and William's presence in Bel Air was almost certainly known. A bomb was planted at some point during the night under the right front seat of the car.

On Tuesday, March 10 the trial was adjourned until Monday March 16, so that friends of Brown might attend the funeral of Payne and Featherstone. 24 hours after the first blast, early Wednesday morning, a second ripped off a corner of the Dorchester County Courthouse in Cambridge, Md. — the scene of the original rebellion. Police claim a definite lead on a white woman from out of state. Governor Marvin Mandel has asked a new penalty of life, rather than the present 20 years for destroying property with explosives.

representative, Clarence Mitchell joined Governor Mandel at the conference to say he was glad the authorities had not "jumped to conclusions." Later on Saturday funeral services for Featherstone were held in Washington, D.C. Whites were not allowed inside the funeral home. Featherstone was clothed in African dress; a group reading made up part of the service. Kunstler, who was present outside, said he hadn't heard from Brown and that he didn't trust the FBI in matters relating to black militants. He, like Clarence Mitchell said that Featherstone was more interested in economics than explosives.

Monday March 16 Judge Dyer postponed the trial until Tuesday the 24th, stating further postponement would be possible if Brown showed up and asked for it. If not, his bail would be revoked and a warrant for his arrest issued. In the morning, defense argues for adjournment of the trial. Kunstler stated that the pending trial had "an aura of blood and falling bricks." He almost wept remem-

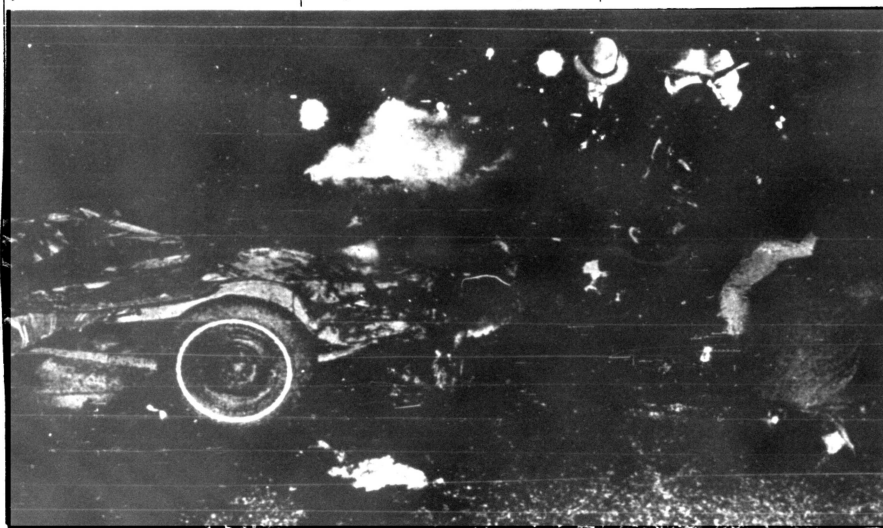
Brown, the group's former national chairman, had been removed from the shattered car by whites "to avoid massive reprisals in the United States."

"By planting a bomb in the brother's car," the statement said, "the racist whites in the United States have escalated their tactics of violence against black people. We must, therefore, begin to escalate our efforts and tactics in order to destroy the racist, capitalist and imperialist Government of the United States."

But so far, it was hard to tell just which forces were at work. Do you think for example you would have felt with this reporter at the site of the explosion a slight, soft pressure — as if nearby beat the dark wings of two departing brother spirits?

Or would you, bending down, have only been able to confirm that an explosion did take place from the chop marks in the asphalt with metal bits imbedded?

Non-violent approaches to our society for peace and civil right progress have



On Friday March 13, Baltimore black militant Walter Lively pointed out at a news conference that Mandel, like Agnew before him, was exploiting the situation to increase right wing support — that the police had yet to explain the skid marks — and that the note found on Featherstone was actually a poem — an old one at that, that may or may not have been written by Featherstone. Lively suggested that the bombing was "official violence," and hoped that when the trial resumed, Brown would be safe "In Africa to receive Feather's ashes."

Saturday, March 14, Md. Governor Marvin Mandel reiterated the police version of the in-car explosion at a news conference. A telegram from the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover was read describing springs to a Westlock in the auto debris, suggesting a timing device to the bomb — as does the battery lodged in Payne's skull. Evidence was presented that the bomb did not explode from the glove department or under the seat based on the way the car and Payne's body were affected. Had he discovered a bomb and tried to dispose of it?

State medical adviser Werner Spitz described the effect of the explosion on Payne's body, state police displayed photos of the car wreckage, and black state

being the loss of a friend, Featherstone, and the polarization that kept him from attending that friend's funeral. Co-counsel Howard Moore, a SNCC lawyer from Atlanta, argued that in these two separated nations of black and white, where negroes are on trial, like Bobby Seale, they are treated like "prisoners of war," and no fair trial would be possible. Prosecutor Yates said he and his family were not afraid after the explosion in Cambridge and Bel Air, that he loved his country as much as Kunstler loves humanity, and that "we're sorry we have only one courthouse to sacrifice for the judicial system." Probably more can be arranged.

Again, a herd of media were present. Their treatment of the trial developments had varied. A Baltimore Afro-American article, e.g., said: *H. Rap Brown is safe in his Harlem apartment, while Liberation News Service said that [stories saying] whereabouts are known are sheer fabrication — their source of information is the FBI.*

The Student National Coordinating Committee ("Non-violent" changed to "National") issued a release: *calling for "massive retribution and revenge for the vicious murders of Ralph Featherstone and Brother Che." It suggested that Mr.*

been made. Now will be violence. Which is more dramatic — a picket line poster or the careful black stencil working on red dynamite wrappers? Which more effective? Time magazine theorizes: *Saddest of all, playing at revolution is not really necessary. Many effective resources for reform are available — the courts, public opinion, peaceful demonstrations, the ballot.*

But none of these have been effective.



Fellowship of Lights

by Mike Carliner

The Fellowship of Lights has plans to become a sort of supermarket for the hip community. Among other things, it plans to operate a runaway house, a switchboard information and communications center, a coffee house, a medical clinic, and a crafts studio. They plan to provide medical and legal assistance, drug analysis, housing, food, and clothing. They even have plans to start a rock band and an underground newspaper (*let a hundred flowers blossom* Mao).

Anybody can make grandiose plans, but the Fellowship of Lights appears to actually be getting some things together. Maybe not everything they boast of, but more than most people in the Baltimore hip community thought possible.

The driving force behind the organization (recently chartered as a non-profit corporation) is Dan Reaser, a 21-year-old cross between a digger and a politician on the make, a drop-out with a notable capacity and a notable liking for dealing with the establishment.

Along with a few other members of the hip community, including Ron Smith and Phil Steinacker, Reaser enlisted the aid of a number of ministers, businessmen, and government officials who were anxious to communicate with youth or something.

Anyway, they will soon have a building on a dollar-a-year lease from the city. The tentative location is 1026 Cathedral St. The building will serve as a runaway house and will probably house an operative "switchboard" service shortly thereafter. Plans are already underway to include some sort of medical facility in the building.

The group's communications with the hip community have not really been too good. Recently a committee of community representatives, including hip merchants, people from community organizations like the Motherfuckers, etc., was formed to improve communications and involve more members of the hip community in the Fellowship.

To further these goals, a mass meeting has been called for Monday, March 30, at 9:00 in room 200 of the Central YMCA. At this meeting the program of the organization will be explained, volunteer workers will be recruited, and suggestions will be solicited from the community.

The Fellowship is not meant to replace the more localized groups, such as the Youth Interest Program, which are trying to provide similar services. It is hoped that such groups will work together with the Fellowship, and with each other, in trying to meet human needs.

The Fellowship of Lights has a program which everyone can, and should, get behind. While many will argue that they should be more of something (more political, more anarchistic, more stoned, etc.) their success will clearly be a big plus for Baltimore.

Apart from the value of whatever services might be offered, widespread community support of the project will also mean an improvement in communications between the various fragmented groups and isolated individuals in Baltimore, as they work together on a common cause, for a change. This in itself should be sufficient reason for active participation of everyone in the community.



1026 Cathedral Street
prospective headquarters for the Fellowship of Lights

FAGS vs. FUZZ

by Art Kunkin
L.A. Free Press/ UPS

"We've lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution and we've got to reach out to them... Our kids don't understand that we don't mean anything by it when we call people niggers. They look at us then like we're dinosaurs when we talk like that... Bobby Seale had more guts and charisma than any of them (the Chicago Conspiracy defendants) and he was the only one I don't think was a fag."

And in these inspiring, intellectual words spoken Thursday, Feb. 26, at the Loyola Academy Booster Club in Wil-

merely by comparing what many of the participants are now free to say outside the restricting environment of the courtroom.

Foran's speech, as printed in the Chicago *Sun-Times* of Friday, Feb. 27, is perhaps the most amazing document of all. While the trial was still going on in Chicago, the defendants told me privately that they considered Foran to be a liberal, somewhat unhappy with this role as prosecutor of men whose only interest in Chicago in 1968 was to lead and participate in peaceful demonstrations to influence the Democratic Party away from its pro-war policies.

conscious of his Jewishness."

Foran said of Rennie Davis, "You know the papers called Davis the boy from next door. I'll tell you one thing. If he had lived next door to me I would have fixed him." Defense attorneys William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass he characterized as "mouthpieces. There's no greater insult I can give them. They were incredibly unprofessional and deserved what they got."

(Both defense attorneys and the defendants received sentences for contempt of court, sentences which in the general view of the legal profession are far too harsh and certain to be shortened, if not

extreme allegations of the defendants and their lawyers.")

During the trial Foran has placed witness after witness on the stand, mainly policemen or undercover agents, to indicate that the peace marchers had attacked the police during the Democratic Party Convention in the famous 18 minute battle at the intersection of Michigan and Balboa in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel. This episode was televised throughout the world and seen by millions of people.

But in his speech at Wilmette last week, Foran said, "I was sitting there in my car and I remember that it was 7:49.

**WE'VE LOST OUR KIDS TO THE FREAKING FAG REVOLUTION...
OUR KIDS DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT WE DON'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT WHEN WE CALL PEOPLE NIGGERS. THEY LOOK AT US LIKE WE'RE DINOSAURS WHEN WE TALK LIKE THAT.
U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran**

mettix, Illinois, U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Foran, the chief prosecutor in the recently ended Chicago Conspiracy trial and the highest ranking federal lawyer in the Northern District of Illinois, summed up his "understanding" of what has been called one of the most important political trials in the history of the United States.

It has been an amazing week for speeches and interviews with the defendants (now out on bail), the prosecution and even a juror making comments on the significance of the trial of the eight men accused of inciting the riots at the Democratic Party National Convention in Chicago, 1968.

It has been a week in which the general public could perhaps get the sharpest insight possible until now of the issue involved in the lengthy five month trial

However, Foran's words speak for themselves, and if they belittle one of the most important government attorneys in the entire country, he has only himself to blame.

The Chicago *Sun-Times* reports that when Foran was making his ninety minute speech and describing the defendants or members of the press, Foran "walked about mincingly or gave limp handed waves." After describing all defendants, except Bobby Seale, as homosexuals, he went on to say that defendant Abbie Hoffman was "scummy but clever," defendant Dave Dellinger (the leading peace spokesman in the United States and a man internationally known for his personal integrity) as a "sneak (who) uses people like a ventriloquist," and defendant Jerry Rubin as "a baby who is very

totally reversed, by the higher courts because they exhibited an abuse by the judge of his contempt powers.)

Foran also criticized the NBC news coverage of the trial as "an absolute disaster" and chastised columnist Nicholas van Hoffman of the Washington Post. "He's not a reporter," Foran said "He's a participant in the New Left movement and everyone knows it. The other newsmen should band together and get rid of him." (Maybe they should put a cement vest on him and dispose of him in the river in classic Chicago gangland style, Mr. U.S. Attorney!)

(Reached at his home in Washington by the Chicago *Sun-Times*, von Hoffman commented: "If Foran really meant all that he said in his unfortunate speech, and if it's all true, he has proven the most

I called in over my radio phone and told my office the place was ready to blow."

"A short time after, it did. For 18 minutes the police moved in and got even for what they had been taking from the demonstrators for three days."

"After that the police felt great. They were smiling and waving and you could see it was a great psychological thing for them." According to the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Foran then halted for an instant and smiled. "You know, I think that even the demonstrators felt better after that was over, too." (This was the episode in which 200 people were injured and over 200 people arrested. Is it any wonder that Foran's child calls him a dinosaur!?)

Cont. on pg. 11

EVOLUTIONARIES GET BUSTED

by Thomas D'Antoni

The evolution has come to about 150 young Baltimore liberals. Can the missing "R" be far behind?

Forty-one people—mostly Hopkins students—took their first real step in the revolution Thursday when they were arrested for disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct at the Custom House. They were McCarthy people—well, really more Kennedy than McCarthy—come home.

It is easy for those of us who have been in it for a number of years to criticize the act of civil disobedience on Thursday—and I'll do just that later in the story—but where was your head when the Baltimore Four and the Catonsville Nine were doing similar things. As the patriots who took up arms against England in the 1st American revolution evolved from barroom talkers to men who dumped tea into the harbor to soldiers, the 2nd American revolution is also evolving from King to the Berrigans and Dave Eberhardt to the D.C. Nine to the patriots who set off the bombs in New York City.

Have you ever noticed that the word "riot" is part of the word "patnot". The Conspiracy Eight were charged with inciting to riot.

To those who participated Thursday, let Mr. HARRY say "Welcome to the revolution." Now let me rap about what happened. If you would rather listen to me rap about why it was a dumb thing to do, skip this part.

At one o'clock there were about 125 people demonstrating in front and on the side of the dreaded Custom House—home of the dreaded SSS local draft boards—mine included, Motherfuckers. All young, mostly from Hopkins, mostly male, mostly liberal-looking (although there were some radicals in attendance—I did not see anyone from BDC).

A group of about 50 of the demonstrators requested entrance to the building from the Federal police and Assistant U.S. Attorney Alan Baron. Baron told them that under rule 6 of the Federal Building Regulations, "The occupant agency involved in a disturbance shall have the initial responsibility for considering the observation of this rule" (that there shall be no good shit thrown around Federal property) by the public. Therefore, he was restricting entrance to the building to five at a time.

The demonstrators had planned to go in en masse



and tie up the Selective Slavery System local boards by asking to see their own files and keeping the executive secretaries and clerks too busy to do their normal day's murders.

When Baron refused them entrance as a group, they sat down in the Lombard Street doorway (Federal property) and some on the sidewalk (City property). None of it belongs to the people. Yet.

Well, while the demonstrators were blocking



this hallowed ground they read from "The Prophet", Feringhetti and other martyrs (he was recently busted for dealing ZapComix). Occasionally, someone would want to leave or enter the building; and since all other doors were not only locked up, but chained, they were forced to use the blocked entrance. The demonstration leader employed his people to take a non-violent stance, even as they were being stepped on by those entering the building. This was dutifully done.

I saw one guy get kicked in the head. I saw them all get stepped on by the Marines, bureaucracy freaks and delivery men. They did not retaliate. At all.

I talked with some of the people who stepped on the demonstrators. They said things like, "They ought to take a goddamn bulldozer and push them out the door," and "because they were in the way." And the clincher—I asked one man why he stepped on people—he said, "what other choice does a man have?"

At 2:35, Baron came out and said that they had five minutes to leave because they were blocking the doorway. They argued with him about how it was their Constitutional Right to come inside, whereby the Federal Police *THREW* them out of the doorway and onto the sidewalk and the street. The Federal marshalls attacked their jobs with obvious glee. They were looking to bust ass.

The demonstrators regrouped and began to approach the doorway again. A line of nine City cops stopped them. After some discussion, Mayor Schnabel of the Cops allowed them to return to the doorway, but the Federal cops would not let them entrench themselves on Federal property again. So they sat down on the sidewalk in front of the doorway, but not in it. They still blocked it.

After fifteen minutes of this, Schnabel told

one of his inferiors to "send the big wagon—now." That's what they did.

The demonstrators sang three lines of "We Shall Not Be Moved" and four of "God Bless America". Right on God.

Then they got busted.

Schnabel told me that the charge was obstructing a pathway, however, later Lieutenant Padgett of South-eastern District informed me, as they were being booked, that they had been charged with disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct and were being held on \$220 bail each. This bail was later revoked and they were released on their own recognizance.

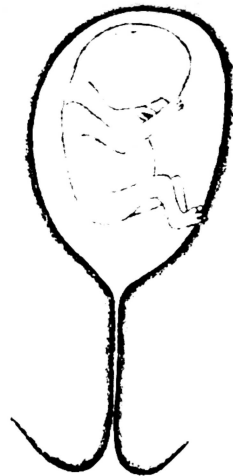
It is surprising that the bail was revoked, considering the assholes they had dredged up as lawyers. At a meeting the night before, one of the lawyers addressed the potential civil-disobedients and came up with winners like "legal footwork is not important to you", "we're going to get down to brass tacks on strategy tomorrow", and this one, QUOTE—I think it'll be interesting—UNQUOTE. Yeah...so's a hanging. Or a bombing.

He actually suggested that the demonstrators "stay as straight as possible". Holy shit.

O.K., we have seen that demonstrations of this type accomplish shit. What have they done? They haven't changed a fucking thing. The only thing they are good for now is getting people together—in starting other people thinking about whatever the demonstration is about.

We are beyond the demonstration stage. November 15th proved that. What stage are we into? We'll see in the next three months.

The courage displayed today by the forty-one arrested is to be praised. Welcome to the revolution, Brothers. You are outlaws in the eyes of America. Just like the rest of us.



War Crimes Trial

by Ed Guevara

Slides of severed heads or a jaw fused into a chest by napalm, stories of the "Bell Telephone Hour" electrical torture of women, of "Zippo" napalm gun destruction of "hooches," of torture by water, by beatings, of "free fire zones" where anything that moves is legal game — horrors you wish to put out of your mind forever. It began to dull you, this testimony of Vietnam veterans before the Citizens Commission of Inquiry into United States War Crimes in Vietnam, convened March 11 and 12 in Annapolis. The Commission has offices in New York, but was set up here mainly by the Maryland Vets for Peace.

Along with the genocidal operations he described, Bob Johnson, former Captain, U.S. Army, West Point graduate, All-American in lacrosse, and Vietnam veteran, had one story of comic relief. He was in the field one day when some bullets whizzed over his head, "impacting" (his word) in a populated area. He knew the fire came from OUR area of operations, and called in to check on it. "It's South Korean mannes, sir-on their rifle range." Advice then? What to do to stop them? "Well sir, why don't you fire back sir? To show them that we're friendly?"

Most of the testimony presented to the panel of questioners came from young men who had had changes of heart. One had his in a hospital as he recuperated from war wounds—Johnson had resigned after six months in Vietnam



in moral revulsion. "These young GI's are nothing but confused," he said. "The last thing a 20 year old shook-up GI with an M-16 can do is pacify. The GI's frustration soon turns on all the Vietnamese-the gooks. It's peoples war, eliminate the people."

Shortly after Johnson arrived in Vietnam, a top ranking NLF cadre member was brought in prisoner. Johnson observed the ARVN troops beat him until co-

vered with blood. "Who was the ranking officer present at the time?" Senator Gruening asked. "I was, sir." "Couldn't you stop it?" "Well, I was confused myself. I knew it was morally wrong. It didn't seem right politically. But I didn't want to lose rapport with the South Vietnamese."

Peter Martinsen, now of Los Angeles, described his work as an interrogator. He had observed many incidents of electri-

cal torture. "The prime rule of interrogation," he recounted, "was- Leave No Marks!" Was this army policy? Not in basic training or official army manuals. But Martinsen ran down the informal training at Fort Holabird-the classified manual on interrogation tactics-like the "big brother" technique where the big guy brutalizes you, the smaller guy comes on more gently—all part of the plan. Martinsen was asked, why, with such sophisticated techniques of interrogation-brainwash as the Chinese perfected in the Korean War, the U.S. uses the methods of physical pain. He could not answer.

Others presented evidence of kill competitions, detention-concentration camps for refugees, insane leafletings of areas to receive B-52 bombings, ludicrous "New Life" hamlets, prisoners terrorized by knife, out-of-date maps, bacteriological weapons, magnesium-wind-blast bombs, nerve gases, truth serums. Typical of the racist-genocidal attitudes of ours towards Vietnamese is the "mere-gook rule," that is invoked in court martials in Vietnam. Were you to murder, rape, or run over a "mere gook," the sentence would be light.

Richard Falk, professor of international law at Princeton, was asked if high elected officials had ever been appraised of their liability for prosecution in a war crimes trial. They had, he said, but they always managed to say that international law is not pertinent. Not one judge across the land has had the courage to raise the war crimes issue against the government. So if any one gets crunched, it is the little guy—Lieut. Calley—not the brass that were circling above My Lai on that day of the massacre in helicopters. International law is the highest law. Robert Jackson, U.S. jurist at Nuremberg, stated that the U.S.-us- would be as liable to prosecution as the Germans if we broke these laws.

ONLY ONE THING CAN GET THESE HANDS CLEAN..."



HOW TO MAKE \$80 AND NOT SELL GRIT

1. Do you know of any hustles, ways to cheat or fuck the telephone companies, airlines, General Motors, government, Jackie Onassis, etc.?
2. Write and tell us about any Free stores, Free museums, Free schools, Free food, Free anything, FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS, in the communities you live in.
3. Tell us about your shoplifting, hitchhiking, freighting, scrounging, panhandling, bumming methods you have used in this life and your past lives.

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Also if you send \$150.00 today, you will receive back \$300.00 after the fall of decadent capitalism.

Send all detailed information to: Izak Haber, 3784 Tenth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10034. Yippie!

ABBIE HOFFMAN IZAK HABER

FT. KNOX, KY. (LNS) — The sheepish commanding officer of the Army base here is skulking red-faced around his own post, The New York Post reported recently.

Maj. Gen. James Sutherland had been parading around the post during the past three months exchanging the Churchillian V-for-victory sign with his smiling troops. Someone finally clued him in that it was the "new" peace sign.

Slick Reprisal

San Francisco (LNS) — Some five gallons of motor oil was dumped into the pool of the Standard Oil company building's fountain in downtown San Francisco January 26. A sign was left which read, "Santa Barbara Strikes Back." The act marked the first anniversary of the pollution of Santa Barbara's beaches which was caused by a massive offshore oil leak.

Why Privacy?

by P. J. O'ROURKE

*after 50,000 years
rapturous in sky
I find you
living
in a box*

Paul Reps

The false individualism of the control oriented society is fortified by an equally false concept of privacy, a privacy that starts in the bathroom and extends out to the mini-lawned ranchettes of plaster-board suburbia.

"Get off my back, Dad! I never have any privacy."

"Whadda ya mean, you never got any privacy? This house got six bathrooms. You got a room all to yourself. You even got your own bathroom in your room all to yourself. Your mom and I worked fifteen years so's you could have a house with six bathrooms. Punk kid, you even got your own TV!"

Privacy in middle America is being by yourself. It's the things you do by yourself like shit and beat off. And when you get another person into the deal, it's the things you two do alone like fuck. And when there's babies it becomes the things the family does together like eat and watch TV. Is it any wonder that it's a lonely country? Mr. and Mrs. Nineto-five's box, at its outermost reaches of inclusiveness, contains the 2.5 kids and Uncle Fred. No Trespassing! Beware of the Dog! Private Property! Green River Ordinance Enforced Here! No Hitchhiking! No Nudity! No Public Displays of Affection! No Nothing!

*Verily the lust for comfort murders
the passion of the soul, and then
walks grinning in the funeral.*

—Kahlil Gibran

I should think that true privacy would have to do with respect among men for the self and for others. Privacy has very little to do with being alone. It has a great deal to do with freedom. The war against the people of Vietnam is a better example of invasion of privacy than junk mail. But middle America's concept of privacy is spacial rather than moral. And, being spacial, is conducive to aggression rather than opposed to it. With the materialist society's usual corruption of the abstract, we have taken a moral precept and translated it into a concrete manifestation of our material greed. Privacy is six bathrooms. Privacy is killing Panthers lest we should have to make do with only one bathroom. Spacial privacy keeps people apart with territorial prerogative. Moral privacy brings people together with respect and understanding. Reduced to the absurd, spacial privacy is the pay toilet. At its greatest extreme, moral privacy is love.

Why can't everybody leave everybody else the hell alone?

—Jimmy Durante

We start right quick with the kids, we do. Soon as he can say "privates," we teach him where his privates are. First thing he learns in school is that you don't pee in the girl's john. Right from the start he has a spacial attitude toward his body. Don't play with yourself! Right from the start spacial values are placed on body functions. Tell your friends not to call at dinner time! Don't shit in front of company! Get your finger out of your nose!

Let's make the distinctions clear, kid. Let's see if you got it straight. A place for everything and everything in its place. Mom and Dad would sooner die than fuck in front of the kids. That's private! Train the kid so he needs all those compartments, so he can't live without them. That way it's easy to get him to fight wars or stomp faggots, niggers, and hippies because all you have to do is tell him they want to take away his Buick.

People don't shit together and they don't ball in parks. They don't even talk to strangers on the bus. It's no accident. Even the best-armed warriors would be nothing against a people loving and together. This is the most powerful coun-

try in the world. But it couldn't stop Castro and Che. It can't beat the Vietnamese people. And it won't crush the Blacks. These are people loving and together.

Train that kid so he knows all the distinctions. And most of all train him to know the distinction between himself and other people. If you don't, he might turn out to be another Jesus of Nazareth, with no job at all and always in trouble 'cause he couldn't sit in a corner properly shouting, "ME ME ME ME." Yes sir.

Think it over. Why are you disgusted at shitting and pissing among friends? It's all organic. You don't mind your own smell. Why do you mind mine? What are we ashamed of? It's that we were taught with shame to be separate. The Supreme Court said it: separate is equal. Go for yourself boy! You got to stand on your own two feet. Take anything you can grab and don't give nothin' that aint kicked out of you. It's every man for himself and devil take the hind-most.

Is that what you want?

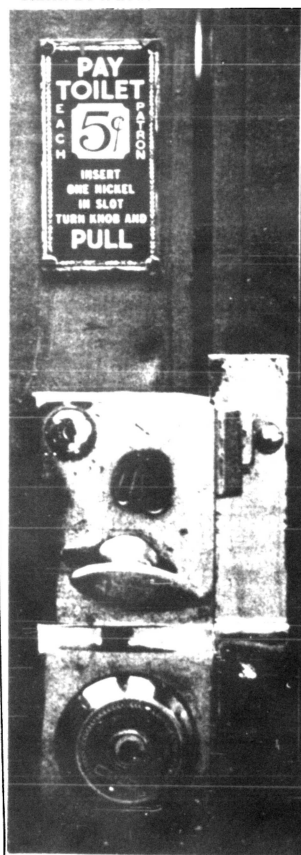
Is that the best we can do?

I don't want to rise from the masses, I want to rise with the masses.

—Eugene V. Debs

Look and see. War begins in the bathroom. War begins when Dad locked you out so he could slam it to your mother. War is for territory. War is for material. War is fought over that shit you were so proud to have put in the right place when you were a child. And shit begins at home while, from what I can see, a whole lot of charity don't. I am he as you are he as you are me and if we were all together it'd be bad news for Dick Nixon.

So take your girl out this afternoon and fuck her on the sidewalk at Charles Center. Do it now!



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BLOW UP AT UMBC

by Robbie Patt

During its brief history, UMBC has established, or accepted by default, a tradition of 1950's style student apathy. Last week, however, the Establishment was making up phony bomb threats in a desperate attempt to stop student unrest.

We're finally moving at UMBC. When we came to this university we were promised a chance to create a new sort of institution where real learning can happen. Those promises were bullshit. We've seen our best professors pushed out or fired, the establishment of racist admissions policies, our classes doubled in size and turned into grade races, our land desecrated by more prison-like fortress buildings, our protests ignored, our student government coopted, and our publications censored. Last year our acceptance of that censorship seemed the end of all chance for life and change. Now our joyful defiance may mark the beginning of a new student community.

We paid for *Dialog*, the literary magazine, when we paid the compulsory \$15 activities fee. Although this is our money, it is routed through the state treasury and back through the student government, so legislators have technically claimed that *Dialog* is published with state funds. A story in the second issue contained the word "motherfucker". The third issue featured shadowy pictures of an unclothed man and woman in ballet costumes. These pictures came from the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C.

When several state legislators, notably Dantoni, saw these pictures, they had shittits. Genitals are obscene, ban the body... you can guess the rest. Christ, you couldn't hardly see anything anyway! But these men have the power now, so Chancellor Albin Kuhn cut off all funds until we vomit up a publications (read "censorship") board for all university publications. All of this happened last spring and summer. We published a list of grievances in the fall in *The Red Brick*, another now-banned publication, demanding a public confrontation with Kuhn and Dean Homer Schamp.

They simply explained that the university is a corporation, the legislature



Sue Spellman soliciting for *Dialog*

and regents are on top, Schamp and Kuhn are in charge, students are shit, and that's that. We sort of stood there drooling for awhile and walked away to class.

Schamp and Kuhn are busily creating a haven for seekers-of-the-research grant, prestige paper-publishers, unemployable graduate students, and other status-y student-fuckers.

Jump ahead to December — four men from the Black Panther Party come to campus to sell their newspaper and col-

lect for the free breakfast program. Kampus Kops like to have died — rush them off to the Student Life Office and Arthur Libby, director, liaison between the students and the administration, their man to control and coopt us. Three days later Libby (friendly, frozen brown eyes, looks FBI) issues an administration edict banning solicitation except by student organizations with administration approval. Which means I can't sell you a HARRY unless they say so, and the Panthers can forget it.

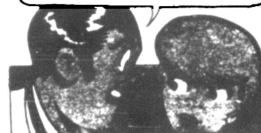


Robbie Patt selling HARRY's

charge us with violation of the rules in the name of the students. Darryl says no. Tough luck Libby.

Friday, the 13th, we're right smack in the middle of the cafeteria, soliciting to beat Mae West. "We" are everybody from the Black Students Union to the Mobe to Women's Liberation to HARRY sellers and dealers in Student Discount Cards. The usually frigid cafeteria is in beautiful chaos; people yelling, dancing around, dealing illegal papers, playing music — what a gas! We announce on the PA that the state pigs are outside (boohiss) — and — Libby has declared a moratorium on the enforcement of the no-soli-

LET ME CLUE YOU! THIS DEAN IS AN ESTABLISHMENT SQUARE! JUST GO IN AND DEMAND WHAT YOU WANT! SCARE THE PHONY! TELL HIM YOU'LL TAKE OVER!



citation rule. Then Libby gets the mike. "I've just received an announcement; there's been a bomb threat and everyone must leave the cafeteria." Cries of "Bullshit! The bastard probably called the threat in himself." Nobody believes it. Some leave, but most of us stay until the cops force us out. Singing. We shall not be moved. The people upstairs were never notified of the threat. If there was a bomb they'd be dead. But everyone knew this was administration bullshit — cops and administration too. And everybody knows a lot about the administration we didn't know before — like how they feel about our getting together and what it takes to fuck them up.



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"It Don't Make 'em Running Scared"

I just spent a couple hours hanging around the site of a little accident on 11th St. in New York City. There's a big hole on 11th St. Do you have a hole in your head? It strikes me that bombs are now and have always been bad news. The cops, perhaps as an object lesson, let me inside the barricade to look at the rubble. They weren't far wrong. I felt there, seeing what had gone down, that I'd better ask myself what I'd been saying lately. Whether what I'd been saying was worth much. Does anyone have the right to say that he's a freak and maintain that he's morally and spiritually superior to Mom



must force it to be otherwise. But violence is when force kills and maims people, especially people not directly involved in the conflict. Ripping off a draft board is *force*. A bomb that kills people is violence. Self-defense is not violence. We are right to fight repression and to use force if we must. If the man is trying to jail or kill you and you kill him first then you have *forced* him to leave you alone (permanently, as it were). But if you shoot a pig without provocation you've committed an act of *violence* and you're playing their game. That's morality. Not everyone cares for morality. But if you don't, don't come around telling me you're a freak and a prophet of the new world because you're just another pig - some new kind of pig, maybe - a chrome yellow pig instead of the old navy blue kind but a pig just the same. And pigs is pigs.

If we have to act like they do to get our world, is our world worth getting? I mean, will our world be much better or, really, any different? Our hierarchy is pretty much the same as another. It all looks alike to me.

NEW LEFT ONE-UP-MANSHIP
"TASTE COLD STEEL;
JAPANAZI PUNK!!!"

"EAT LEADEN DEATH,
IMPERIALIST WARMONGER"

See any similarities?
Remember how it was in the locker room? How it was at the drive-in restaurant?

"Your old lady sucks cock!!!"

"You callin' me out, asshole?!"
"Best watch you you call asshole, ya stinkin' piece a shit!!!"
Etc. Etc. Etc.

I'd like to think we'd got beyond that. But it doesn't look like we have. In comes this long-haired college kid pricking: "I am one bad motherfucker. I am an SDS Revolutionary Cadre."

Says this other one: "You are nowhere. I am a Weatherman Cell Captain."



"Both you guys are panty-waist liberal cop-outs. I am the Patriot Party Minister of Demoralization and MAO SEZ!"

Mao sez, "Fuck off." What kind of ego trip bullshit is this? All three of these dudes are probably from Scarsdale and about as good examples of class-conscious proletarian as Martha Raye. Everybody wants to be Ho Chi Minh. Things are rotten here but here is here and there are some facts about being here. Transplanting the tactics of Cuba or Algeria to this country works about as well as putting fish in oil. The bourgeoisie not only controls this country, they are the numerical majority. Any revolution we have will have to be with or in spite of them, but not against all of them. They are fantastically fractionalized, thank God. But if we scare them bad enough they might not be. Because, as Billy said, "It don't make 'em runnin' scared." Bombs are just about what it would take to frighten them together behind someone like Dick Nixon for a giant sort of straight people's festival. And you know who'd be served at the feast. We can't play their game. In the first place, it's a lousy game. In the second place, this is their home turf and they've got the game down pat.

TOWARDS A REVOLUTION WITH GOOD KARMA

Sure our bombs are aimed at property. And sure it's a dramatic gesture - aesthetically pleasing. But bombs are indiscriminate little fuckers. Messy too. Pour shit in the files at Selective Service! Erase the tapes at IBM. Go surreal, man! Fight them with the tools we understand and love. Fight them with sex, excrement, obscenity, art, and TV. Make them fight on our turf. Don't go cool but go smart. They have the guns. We have the brains.

What did the people say in the crowd at 11th St.? I'll tell you what they did not say. Not one of them said, "Oh, wow, those Weathermen sure are rough and bad."



APPEAL TO AUTHORITY

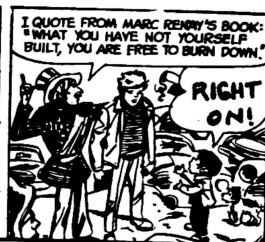
While Lenin was in exile in Zurich he was taken to task by a young Rumanian Dadaist named Marcu, who said to him, "I thought that as a Bolshevik you were really a radical thinker and refused to make any compromise with the idea of war. But by recognizing the validity of some wars, you open the doors for every opportunity..."

Lenin replied, "...I am certainly not radical enough. One can never be radical enough; that is, one must always try to be as radical as reality itself..."



and Dad, then go down in the basement and make things that go boom? I'm not saint enough to be a pacifist. We have a life-style and we have a right to defend it. So that when it gets down to home and mother, my best friend and my steady girl, then it's time to pull out the sten guns and the plastique. But violence is bad. It's bad and it's ugly and it scares me. And if you say it doesn't scare you you're a liar or you're a fool.

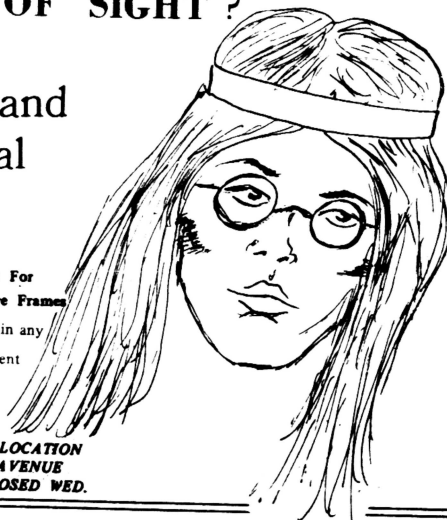
A moral distinction must be made between force and violence. The system is rotten, repulsive, and disgusting. We



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A Primer on the Roots of the Cultural Alternatives

by ROB KANIGEL

Imagine our society in the year 2000. Imagine an output of goods and services three times its present value, dealt out to a population only 75% greater. Imagine a system for the distribution of these goods which, however inequitable on some theoretical basis, is yet able to insure everyone adequate food, shelter, clothing, health care, and education. Imagine some of the social problems which have surfaced during the sixties — pollution, traffic congestion, inadequate public transport — solved or well on their way to being solved. Imagine all official racial prejudice, most unofficial prejudice, segregation, and black/white income disparities essentially eliminated.

Is this a vision of heaven on earth? Certainly it is close to the paradise promised us successively by the New Deal, the New Frontier, and the Great Society. But the crowning achievement of man's life on the planet? Those who agree that it probably is provide a testament to the subtle conditioning of the media and the schools and the rest of the attitude-forming institutions. It is the ideal toward which straight society, however hesitantly, is headed.

But.... Has any man...on been made of the extent to which:

- *the daily life of the individual is controlled or manipulated? or
- *the life of culture, the arts, and the mind flounders? or
- *an individual is free to get up and say whatever comes into his mind? or
- *our minds are shriveled up by a color television in every room

broadcasting nothing but the *Beverly Hillbillies* and *Big Brother* 24 hours a day? or

*people experience joy, love, sorrow, hate, excitement, friendship? or

*the relationships between people are open, honest, and free?

There are those reading this who will protest that *of course* those factors are important; that *of course* without the "human considerations" those material improvements cannot have meaning; that *of course* the attainment of a material paradise is merely a prerequisite to all the other things in life. Of course, but when will the society start considering those factors?

Straight society, popularized as Nixon's Silent Majority, does not understand what is going on. They say that they are worried about inflation, for instance. But perhaps people who are not alienated from their work, who are not unconsciously bitter toward the machines and machine-like people with whom they live

and work, who have not become cynical and jaded and hard, who have not forgotten how to dream and hope, perhaps such people do not go railing on and on about an inflation which, by the standards of any other time and any other society, would probably be considered trifling. And maybe, just maybe, they would not be so against those trying to avoid the dehumanizing and alienating processes that are a part of our society. The Silent Majority has been subjected to these processes. It has lost its soul,

and, perhaps understandably, it's jealous of those who wish to keep theirs.

But what are those dehumanizing processes?

We're born with a set of genes. The rest of what we are bears the imprint of society. As young children, we are trusting, free of guilt, naturally curious, truthful and happy. Not many of us end up that way. Our parents begin the conditioning process. The day in - day out influence, over five, ten, sometimes twenty years, of an omnipresent Authority must have its effect. We are gradually altered; we learn to feel guilt; we learn to hate; we learn to be calculating; we learn to be competitive; we learn to be aggressive. All of this, we learn, is to be able to survive "out therein that jungle."

Then we are placed in the school system, where we learn how to be "proper." We're polished up for our future life in the industrial system. (See the Wiseman film *High School*.) In the mean time, we've been set down in front of the television screen for all those years. We've read the popular magazines and

newspapers. We've been placed among acquaintances all raised pretty much as we. We've been thoroughly inculcated with the values of the society. Values and attitudes, merely from their repetition in every conceivable form, from fatherly words of wisdom to newspaper ads, take on the status of Fundamental Truths. When mother, father, teacher, the man on the TV, and the man who writes for the newspaper all say the same thing, then after a while it all makes sense to us. We believe it. We come to believe that the most important thing in life is to go out there and compete with all the other competitors, and in so doing to uphold our way of life, and become a Man (or Wife — not Woman).

After all this conditioning, when we finally do go out into the world, we try to play the game we've been taught. We either "succeed" or "fail". But to the extent we don't succeed, we blame ourselves, and never the society which has taught us the accepted way of playing the game. We did something wrong; we don't measure up; we are not good enough. And we live our lives, such as they are, with perhaps the tiniest inkling that not all is right with the way we've been living it, and then maybe, just before we die, we wonder... "What's it all about?"

The sons and daughters of the Silent Majority are questioning this life style. While the industrial system seeks to keep us regimented, orderly, proper, rational, predictable and clean—in short, machine-like, hip society responds with its experiments in drugs, music, intentional community, study of Eastern religions, mysticism, and rejection of the nine-to-five job.

Where are we then? Two sub-cultures, coexisting...at best: toleration; at worst: hostility. What is to happen?

Very likely, and most dangerously for the health of the society as a whole, the daily life of the people will come more and more under the control of the corporate giants, and the trappings of the hip subculture will become the mass culture of the dominant majority. This must not be allowed to happen. The values of the hip world are inherently incompatible with those of the industrial system; but American society, through the cross-cultural ink of the mass media, is attempting to integrate the two. It is the process Marcuse has given the name "repressive desublimation", and it has the effect of robbing the hip movement of its life-blood—of the transcending qualities which give it its character and its force.

Cont. on pg. 11



BRANDAU'S



When was the last time you looked into your closet?

Really looked. It's surprising how things can get out of hand in there. Suddenly you seem to have no sport jackets. And trousers that used to go with everything just won't do the job anymore. A well-groomed closet seems like no easy trick. Until you take a little time to re-do. Then, it's amazing how much less time it takes to look great. So take a good look. Then come visit us. We know how to fill in the empty spaces.

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THE INVOLUEMENT



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Cont. from pg. 10

The only solution is a revolution of attitudes. For the hip movement, more than any other movement, a revolution using the instruments of violence and coercion is not a revolution at all. Only by discussion, argument, and persuasion can the revolution occur, because the struggle is not for something like the "means of production", but for the spirits and souls of men. We must individually, and in groups, teach our sisters and brothers and mothers and fathers that, more than anything else, they are human beings, and not so many pawns to be moved around the chess-board of the industrial system.

The image of the revolutionary guerilla must be dropped in favor of that of the revolutionary teacher.

Cont. from pg. 4

So now it comes out, after the trial is over and five of the seven defendants were convicted, that Foran really knew that the police attacked the demonstrators, and not vice versa as he maintained throughout the months in court.

Of course, Foran really did not do that well in court. The jury acquitted all the defendants of charges of conspiring together to incite a riot. The two defendants who were charged with a serious overt action, attempted bombing, were acquitted on all counts because there was no hard evidence at all to sustain the prosecution's contention. Five of the defendants were convicted under a new, untested law which makes it a crime to cross state lines with intent to incite a riot. No overt actions were charged except the making of 17 speeches and it is generally believed that on appeal the entire law may be thrown out and the convictions reversed. The judge attempted to keep the defendants in jail pending appeal but a circuit court of appeal has already reversed the judge on that. The only point still in dispute is whether or not the contempt citations will be sustained. And so, as we pointed out, the government may have won a small battle but all the stupidities have set the stage for their losing the revolution. Even Foran sees the youth are lost but, typically, sees the revolution not as social change, not as the changing of consciousness, but as threatening to his generations's concept of masculinity.



DOPE PRICES REACH AN ALL-TIME HIGH

by Jolly

The present scarcity of various psychedelics in our great metropolis has seemingly not affected the quality of the consciousness-alterants (or aberrants), but only the prices. Dealers are charging all the traffic will bear, not from any gainful desire, but because wholesale prices are now higher than I can remember them being anytime within the past six years.

HASH: Baltimore's staple, still around in several very potent varieties. Red hash available still in quantity, but there is some small amount of some gold-veined, light green hash imported in honor of St. Patrick's Day which has similar alti-

tude to the red, but is not quite as somniferous. \$125/an oz. is standard.

GRASS: Almost unavailable in any quantity, but the ubiquitous lid will always be around. It's going for \$25/an oz. for anything reasonably smokeable. Rumor has it that we should hear from California soon, however.

ACID: Many a dose available of all shapes and sizes to put inside oneself. This outflow of acid and similar psychedelics is a predictable reaction to the government's attempts to cut off smokeables. Known kinds: blue dots, paper, speckled, and some new things—green tabs put up on vitamin C. For one's health, I suppose.





Earth Peoples Park

The Earth Peoples Park people are backing off from their original super-extravaganza plans and retrenching into more manageable and, perhaps, more meaningful concepts.

The plans to buy a huge tract in New Mexico does not have available land which can support the project ecologically. Also, there was strong opposition from the indigenous Chicano and Indian populations. The idea of a massive settlement anywhere may be dropped in favor of numerous smaller pieces of land.

The original plan for a massive rock festival-earth warming is now likely.

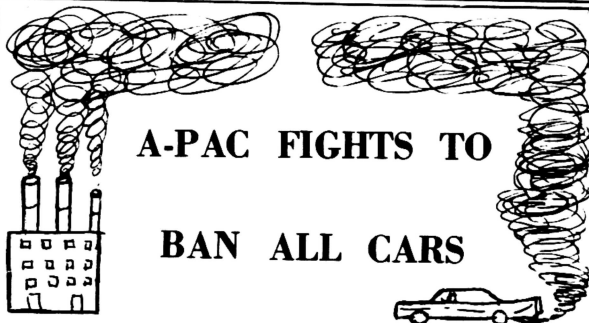
Literature from the Earth Peoples Park people tends to define the organization in lovely terms like "a process of communication and education in building a new life style and creating a new consciousness." What, if anything, they will do beyond sending out nice little newsletters (which is indeed not an unworthy calling) remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, their latest little message includes such advice as:

"Take your bag to the grocery store when you shop instead of taking home four or five bags. Paper is dead trees."

"If there's a vacant lot near you, fill it with growing food and flowers. Save organic garbage (tea leaves, egg shells, sawdust, etc., to use as fertilizer in these Victory Gardens."

"Ride together, pick up hitch-hikers, and form car pools to get to know each other, reduce consumption and combustion of polluting fossil fuels."



A-PAC FIGHTS TO BAN ALL CARS



by ROBBIE PATT

The Anti-Pollution Action Committee (A-PAC) is a group of people who are trying to fight air pollution by replacing the single greatest polluter of the atmosphere, the private automobile, with a free mass transit system. Mostly suburban auto owners pour into the city each day on expressways built through what was once poor peoples' homes. Presently, many can return to the suburbs and an air-conditioned environment, but this immunity from their own wastes will cease as the pollution increases.

Cities are designed for cars, not people; hundreds of gas stations, busy streets, stoplights, garages, accidents, and traffic jams pollute the urban environment. The automobile is also a particularly vicious psychic symbol and a focus for all sorts of malignant property, status, sexual, and pseudo-freedom hangups which are deliberately cultivated in us by a marvelously clever bus dead advertising industry.

The private car is also central to the steel, rubber, and oil industries, as well as GM, Ford, etc. and allied service industries from garages to drive-ins. These industrial giants are at the heart of the

American corporate establishment which directly profits from racism and imperialist wars, such as the war in Vietnam. Hence to attack the auto is to strike a heavy blow against this structure. And the difference between the image of people riding in little polluting ego-eyeballs and the image of people riding together in cooperatively owned free mass transit vehicles points out a whole change in consciousness which the shift to mass transit would help to create.

On March 10, 10 A-PAC members donned their gas masks and took a bus to city hall, where they delivered an analysis of the problem and a list of proposals to the Mayor's press secretary. We suggested that the city proceed to ban autos in certain areas and restrict them in others, that the city immediately purchase and expand the BTC, and that a non-polluting free mass transit system be developed as the automobile phase-out proceeds. The city could pay for the system by charging exorbitant rates at publically owned garages, by requiring employers to pay their employees' transportation costs, and by taxing gasoline, auto dealers, etc. The secretary told us that the city had been working on the problem for years, but he offered no explanation as to why the Dale report listing the city's 10 worst polluters is unobtainable.

On March 12 several members attended a meeting of the Air Quality Control Board which was conducting hearings to see if people wanted to establish air pollution standards for sulfur dioxide and particulate matter. Such standards, even if implemented, would be unenforceable, and industry would have from 5 to 10 years to voluntarily comply. One A-PAC member read a brief statement through his gasmask, then removed the mask and read the *Smokey the Bear* Sutra.

A-PAC members are planning future actions and are involved in forming car communes so that several families can share one car. For further information call PAC, 889-0065, or Gren Whitman 23503530.

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SMOKEY THE BEAR SUTRA



Once in the Jurassic, about 150 million years ago, the Great Sun Buddha in this corner of the Infinite Void gave a great Discourse to all the assembled elements and energies: to the standing beings, the walking beings, the flying beings, and the sitting beings—even grasses, to the number of thirteen billion, each one born from a seed, were assembled there: a Discourse concerning Enlightenment on the planet Earth.

"In some future time, there will be a continent called America. It will have great centers of power called such as Pyramid Lake, Walden Pond, Mt. Rainier, Big Sur, Everglades, and so forth; and powerful nerves and channels such as Columbia River, Mississippi River, and Grand Canyon. The human race in that era will get into troubles all over its head, and practically wreck everything in spite of its own strong intelligent Buddha-nature."

"The twisting strata of the great mountains and the pulsings of great volcanoes are my love burning deep in the earth. My obstinate compassion is schist and basalt and granite, to be mountains, to bring down the rain. In that future American Era I shall enter a new form: to cure the world of loveless knowledge that seeks with blind hunger; and mindless rage eating food that will not fill it."

And he showed himself in his true form of
SMOKEY THE BEAR.

A handsome smokey-colored brown bear standing on his hind legs, showing that he is aroused and watchful.

Bearing in his right paw the Shovel that digs to the truth beneath appearances; cuts the roots of useless attachments, and flings damp sand on the fires of greed and war;

His left paw in the Mudra of Comradely Display—indicating that all creatures have the full right to live to their limits and that deer, rabbits, chipmunks, snakes, dandelions, and lizards all grow in the realm of the Dharma;

Wearing the blue work overalls symbolic of slaves and laborers, the countless men oppressed by a civilization that claims to save but only destroys;

Wearing the broad-brimmed hat of the West, symbolic of the forces that guard the Wilderness, which is the Natural State of the Dharma and the True Path of man on earth; all true paths lead through mountains—

With a halo of smoke and flame behind, the forest fires of the kali-yuga, fires caused by the stupidity of those who think things can be gained and lost whereas in truth all is contained vast and free in the Blue Sky and Green Earth of One Mind;

Round-bellied to show his kind nature and that the great earth has food enough for everyone who loves her and trusts her;

Trampling underfoot wasteful freeways and needless suburbs; smashing the worms of capitalism and totalitarianism;

Indicating the Task: his followers, becoming free of cars, houses, canned food, universities, and shoes, master the Three Mysteries of their own Body, Speech, and Mind; and fearlessly chop down the rotten trees and prune out the sick limbs of this country America and then burn the leftover trash.

Wrathful but Calm, Austere but Comic, Smokey the Bear will illuminate those who would help him; but for those who would hinder or slander him,

HE WILL PUT THEM OUT.

Thus his great Mantra:

Namah samanta vajranam chanda maharoshana
Sphataya hum traka ham mam

**"I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THE UNIVERSAL DIAMOND
BE THIS RAGING FURY DESTROYED"**

And he will protect those who love woods and rivers, Gods and animals, hobos and madmen, prisoners and sick people, musicians, playful women, and hopeful children;

And if anyone is threatened by advertising, air pollution, or the police, they should chant **SMOKEY THE BEAR'S WAR SPELL:**

**DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS
DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS**

And **SMOKEY THE BEAR** will surely appear to put the enemy out with his vajra-shovel.

Now those who recite this Sutra and then try to put it in practice will accumulate merit as countless as the sands of Arizona and Nevada,

Will help save the planet Earth from total oil slick,

Will enter the age of harmony of man and nature,

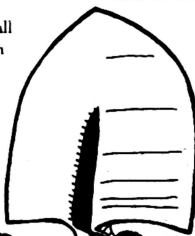
Will win the tender love and caresses of men, women, and beasts

Will always have ripe blackberries to eat and a sunny spot under a pine tree to sit at,

AND IN THE END WILL WIN HIGHEST PERFECT ENLIGHTENMENT.

thus have we heard.

(may be reproduced free forever)



HOUSE CALL

by STEPHEN HOWARD, MD

Psychedics — one Doctor's opinions

What do psychedelic drugs do? How dangerous are they, and in what ways? Can they play a part in the treatment of mental and emotional problems? Why do they affect different people in different ways? And can they help to enrich our lives?

These are some of the vital and unanswered questions concerning psychedelic drugs. They are questions for which we want and need answers, and they are likely to remain open until far more honest and unbiased research has been done. I am not writing this in the pretense of giving definitive answers, for I do not have them. I have, however, kept up with the small amount of research available; more importantly, my medical and psychiatrist experience has included extensive experience with drug users, both while straight and while on drugs. I doubt if there is such a thing as an expert on psychedelics, but I do feel that my knowledge and experience entitles me to propose at least tentative answers to some of our questions. Seat belt unfastened, I plunge in where angels fear to tread.

There are six basic groups of psychedelic, or mind-expanding drugs. These are: (1) lysergic acid derivatives, especially LSD; (2) phenylethylamine derivatives such as mescaline; (3) tryptamine derivatives, notably psilocybin and DMT; (4) piperidyl benzoate esters, such as Ditran; (5) phencyclidine, or Sernyl; (6) synthetics derived from amphetamines, including MDA and STP.

All of these substances produce a drug psychosis, literally a condition of temporary insanity induced by the effect of the chemical. This may be divided into perceptual and internal effects. The perceptual effects include hallucinations, distortions, and other changes referable to one's sensory changes of schizophrenic psychosis is that the person is usually fully aware that his strange perceptions are drug-induced, and he does not believe that they represent actual reality.

The internal effects are more polymorphous, highly variable, and more difficult to elucidate. Probably the key feature is an enormous intensification of feeling and heightened awareness of one's own emotional make-up. Along with this comes a breakdown of the usual psychological defenses, the rush to consciousness of unconscious thoughts and emotions, and an awareness of many levels of mental functioning all occurring simultaneously. It is in the intensity and psychotic nature of these phenomena that lie both the dangers and the potential benefits of these drugs.

The results of a drug trip vary greatly from individual to individual, and from one trip to another. The results seem to be determined by several factors: (1) the dosage and purity of the drug taken; (2) the physical and interpersonal setting of the drug experience; (3) the expectations, understanding, and apprehensions one brings to the experience; (4) the personality of the drug user. Personality is the most complex and perhaps the most important of these determinants; I would like to go into this at some length, and return to the other factors later.

As suggested before, the psychedelic experience has a way of stripping one of his usual psychological defenses (which we all have) and thus intensifying many aspects of the personality, including some of which the person may have been unaware. The construction of the personal-

ity will thus have an enormous effect on the results and nature of the trip, and so will the person's readiness or inability to face parts of himself which suddenly come to consciousness under the disorganizing effects of the drug. For example, it is very common for a person on a trip to suddenly realize that he has been behaving in some part of his life in a way which is motivated by an unsuspected sense of guilt, hostility, greed, or other unpleasant emotion. If he has reached a level of maturity where he is capable of recognizing and accepting this unpleasant realization about himself, this can become a step toward heightened self-realization and changing his life for the better. But if he is unprepared, he may be overwhelmed by the unwelcome realization, and retreat into panic, anxiety, profound depression, or even more unpleasant reactions. This is the usual course of the bad trip.

The same thing may occur on a symbolic level. I can best explain this with an actual case history in my experience.

S, a 27 year old college graduate, had been experiencing a pleasant but very intense first trip on acid. Half-way through the trip, he was sitting quietly thinking over some of his feelings about himself, when he suddenly became aware of a feeling of hunger. This feeling grew in his belly into an enormous and very painful sensation, which he described as "a terrible hollow emptiness, like my whole body is built around an empty tank, and the emptiness inside the tank hurts." He talked with his guide about this feeling, and after a short time realized that this was a physical symbol of a very personal feeling, an intense psychological hunger to be loved. Once he was able to realize this and accept it as part of his personality, the physical feeling diminished and then disappeared. In talking about it later, he felt that this experience had taught him something valuable about himself which he could use in furthering his personal growth.

I have seen enough bad trips to know how differently this experience could have turned out. Had this guide not been able to help him see the symbolism of his physical feeling, and had he not been able to face directly this new and somewhat frightening knowledge of himself, it is likely that he would have spent the rest of his trip curled in a ball holding his stomach and complaining of the pain.

The intensity of the psychedelic experience is likely to exaggerate any disturbed features of one's personality structures, and this accounts for the disturbances sometimes seen later, especially after a

bad trip or following the very frequent use of psychedelics. The nature of the disturbance is highly variable, and depends on the general personality and the neurotic, psychotic, or other predispositions of the individual. The neurotically-disposed person may experience anxiety states, panic reactions, or depression. Someone with a psychotic structure (though he may be normal in the sense that it is usually buried and under control) may experience paranoia, disorganization, or even a schizophrenic episode.

These are some of the major results and dangers. In trying to say how the drugs might best be used, let me give my idea of the ideal conditions for a trip. First, the drug should be pure and the dosage carefully regulated. Second, the physical environment should be pleasant and familiar, and arranged so that unexpected disturbances will not occur. The people present should be known and trusted by the drug user. The user should be a person of some degree of maturity and emotional stability, capable of tolerating stress and without major pathological features to his character. And there should be a good guide.

My own idea of the qualifications of the guide are rather stringent and rarely met. I see the ideal guide as a professional person with training in clinical psychology or a similar field, an understanding of psychodynamics and symbolism, some experience in psychotherapy, and some personal experience in the use of the drug. A knowledge of art, religion, and mysticism can also be of great help. Such a person can guide the trip in ways that will be of most pleasure and personal benefit to the drug taker, can guide people away from the experience when they are not ready for it, and should be able to deal with any dangerous or severely negative experiences which occur on the trip. I realize that this is an ideal, but it is one worth approaching as closely as possible.



Frequency of drug use ought to be mentioned also. The psychedelic is one of the most powerful known to man, and it takes some period of time — usually several months — to fully digest the insights and reorganizations which occur on most trips, and to reorganize one's personality around them. I know that some users will object that I am exaggerating, but it has been my experience that these profound effects occur even when the user is unaware of them or of their impact on him. The taking of a second trip before the first one is fully digested is likely to create further disorganization, and this is progressive with more trips in too short a period of time. My personal opinion is that anyone taking more than three or four trips a year is playing with emotional and mental dynamite. Some people may be able to handle it, but dynamite is dynamite.

What about using the drug experience in therapy? This is an urgent question for which we desperately need careful research. Experiments with volunteer alcoholics, drug addicts, and others have suggested — but only suggested — that psychedelic therapy might produce some dynamic results in these frequently incurable conditions. Recent careful work with dying patients has shown that these people can, in a short time, be helped to face their own impending deaths and deal



with them in a constructive manner and with relatively little fear. One other striking possibility was suggested by a psychiatrist friend of mine, who was using LSD in his private practice back when it was still legal. He would work with a patient in standard analytic therapy until they reached a point of readiness, and would then conduct the person through an acid trip. Upon resuming standard therapy after the trip, he found that the therapy was greatly speeded. He might use this technique one to three times during the course of therapy, and claimed that each time he found that several months of grueling work were saved; the course of therapy was considerably shortened. I cannot be sure that he was right, but this is certainly a possibility to be investigated. Anything which could shorten the process of good psychotherapy is desperately needed.

It would seem that good psychedelic drugs have potential for great harm and great good, and we will not know the full extent of either until we have much more careful and unprejudiced work on the subject. It is time that the government began allowing the sale of the commercially-manufactured drugs to various institutes for experimentation and research by properly trained physicians, and the results of this research should be made fully available to the medical profession and the general public.

However, let us not fall into the trap of seeing drugs as an end in themselves, or as the only way to a goal. We should also be exploring and encouraging the many non-drug roads to expanding consciousness, overcoming emotional problems and hang-ups, and enriching our lives. We can do this by the promotion of institutes for the teaching and advancement of Zen, yoga, meditation, psychotherapy, properly-run encounter groups, philosophy, music, art and learning. Drugs may be an important tool for use, but let us never forget that many roads may lead to the same city.

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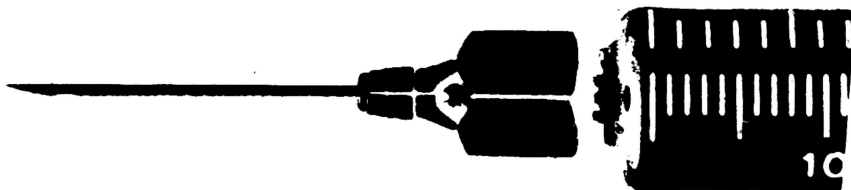
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DOWN ON SMACK



On the east coast you can hardly find grass or hash anymore. There are no more mellow drugs in New York, and the word from Boston and Philly is the same. In Chicago and the midwest they're passing off Indiana and Iowa weed as the finest Mexican grass -- and it's hard enough to get the local stuff. Even southern California is starting to go dry.

The marijuana scarcity is the result of U.S. Government policy. They've decided to stop the flow of grass into America at its source; and for the most part, that's Mexico. They're spraying the Mexican marijuana fields with the same defoliants they use in Vietnam, cracking down on the small airplanes which do a lot of the running, and using an informer system in Mexico to nab the big runners at the border.

The grass squeeze has not caused any slow down in the use of drugs. We don't use drugs just because the drugs are there. We use them because the schools suck, because the streets can become a drag with nothing to do but hang, because the army is crazy, because getting high is better sometimes than getting drunk. But the grass has been closed up by the government, so the supply of the heavy stuff was opened up by the Syndicate.

With no grass around, too many people are turning to smack. In New York the scene is real heavy; in the parks where kids hang out you can buy smack almost as easy as you can get someone to buy you some beer. Or if it isn't smack, it's heavy speed like methadine, or it's heavy downers (like tuanal, used in mental hospitals instead of straight jackets to keep the patients

from

RIISING UP ANGRY

quiet) which numbs you so much you're wide open for an overdose.

The government and the Syndicate have made the big coalition, the slob wedding. The government action in Mexico has opened up for the Mafia a whole new market for smack, and the invasion of smack into the scene has begun to take the fight out of the Revolution in some places. The kids who last year were ripping up the New York City high schools are staying wiped out on smack this year. The kids who used to fight in the street gangs and were starting to realize that the enemy wasn't the cats on the other block but the punks on the draft boards or in the police stations are staying quiet and happy on smack.

The point is, the government only cracks down on grass when it wants to. In Vietnam there's enough grass to keep the soldiers from freaking out at the war and putting bullets through their 2nd Lieutenants. But back home the grass was working the other way -- helping kids see through the bullshit at school and work, helping them

break out. So they're bringing the smack in -- to keep us quiet, to step us from trying to make some changes.

All this turns a lot of our people into pushers. Not big pushers, but just enough to make a little bread and stay into their own stuff. In Chicago we find a lot of people who say our park used to be tight. Everyone was together. Now everybody is trying to out push everybody else. The drug thing is turning brothers and sisters into burners.

The scene isn't good. The syndicate and the government always mess over the people, us. We all dig a little stuff now and then, but the heavy stuff will kill us. Beware of the pusher men. We've got to cut through a lot of the shit. Drugs may seem cool, but they're used to keep people cool. The man may be down on drugs, but he lets certain syndicate slobs push them. So think it out brothers and sisters. We've got work to do, and we all need to relax now and then. But we aren't going nowhere strung out and hasseling each other. Get high on the people and smack the enemy.



"Remember the lies they told you about grass when you could get it? Well, I got something else here that isn't really so bad either!"

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FROM FUSION



Why did Bonzo Dog Band break up? Good question! Mind your own business: I could say that if I was downright rude. But I'm not: although I'd prefer you not to know about some of my habits. Habits. Now there's a funny thing! We had a bass-player called Lucky for a while. He had a habit of thrusting his tongue out, as far as it would go, in an effort to reach the southernmost pimple on his chin. The skin around this eruption was horribly pink & wet from the touching. It was a place of hypnotic fascination & constant controversy for the rest of the band. Lucky's tongue was never in his mouth. When he was concentrating, it hung down in line with his moustache like a tusk. But he had an incredible recording of a "Farting Contest" in which an Australian trained on cabbage competed against the British champion. Just before Lucky left



as soon as this got into print. A disturbing 'report' in the Detroit Bugle & After-Shave alleges: "Since 1966 the signs have been there. On the Gorilla album a photograph reveals a cluster of pimples or wart-like protuberances on Stanshalls' cheek. Just past the ears & down a bit. Inverted they spell the magical word Gora meaning: departed, passed through graciously, or spiritually pissed-off with talking about it. A pair of slacks found in a field near Croyden bear remarkable likeness to those worn by the Portuguese God of Fish & Fowl. (High Priest of the strange eye-prickling cult) Where are those trousers now? Are they still at large? Who will remind the corpse of it's contractual obligations?" Good question!

BY VIVIAN STANSALL



the band, he used to play this tape a: us on trains & coaches. That gives you an inkling of the pressures inside. While the rest of the world laughed a DRAMA was being acted out RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES. It was terrible. First there came an awful monster. Then a smell of marmalade. & then all of a sudden: whoosh. And the tears were rolling down my legs like the juice out of a rhubarb tart.

Oh, there were so many things we wanted to do together. Had planned to do together. But we couldn't get it together. Tonight. Ole.

Just after my death, shortly before this was written: I was surprised to see this: "Vivian Stanshall Death Scare Persists". Rumours that the young sadhu & partial hippopotamus of the singing group Bonzo Dog Band was dead, were confirmed recently.



-7/16- BILL CRAWFORD



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Bluesette Bust

Bluesette manager Henry Johnson got himself busted on March 14 as part of a plan to bring live music back to the Blues Back Alley, the Bluesette's after-hours club.

The club, which is open on weekends from 2 to 6 a.m., has been able to offer only recorded music since September. For two years before that, the club had been a popular place for late late night music, with full knowledge of the police, who would often stop in. Then, in September, Bluesette owner Art Peyton was arrested and charged with violating a section of the City Code which prohibits live performances from 2 to 6 a.m. in places which are licensed to sell milk, food, or other merchandise. (They don't sell booze.) Peyton was fined \$100.

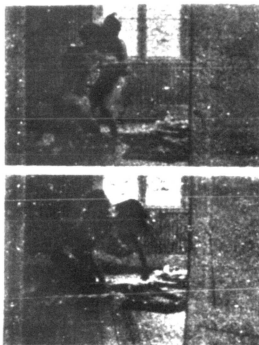
Henry's bust last Saturday was prearranged in order to provide a test case of the constitutionality of the law. The police were informed in advance of the

intention to violate the law, and they were friendly when they arrived (in plain clothes) at the club for the occasion. Henry acted like he was going to a party. He changed his clothes and combed his hair before opening the back door. This was obviously a big moment for him. About 3:00, when everybody was ready, Henry gave the signal, and Orrin Smith, lead guitarist in Joe Clark's group, played about twenty notes of the Theme from The Outcast before the cops, picking up their cue, ordered the music stopped. (The group had considered playing a Bach Invention sung in oinks, but decided against it.) Henry then announced to the sparse crowd what had happened, and the club closed for the night. Henry was released on \$500 bail a few hours later.

Henry is represented by Leonard Kerpelman. The defense is arguing that the law is unconstitutional and that there would be no one disturbed by the noise, because the place is soundproofed and the only neighbors are the owners of the Bluesette and the musicians.

In police magistrate court Sunday morning, the 15th, Judge Genstung postponed a decision until March 31. Police magistrates don't often get the chance to rule on constitutional questions, and he appeared anxious to handle the case, indicating, perhaps, that Johnson and the Bluesette may win in this low-level court.

If Genstung rules against the defense, appeals will be made to Baltimore Criminal Court, and, if necessary, to the U.S. Supreme Court.



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by Len Bradford

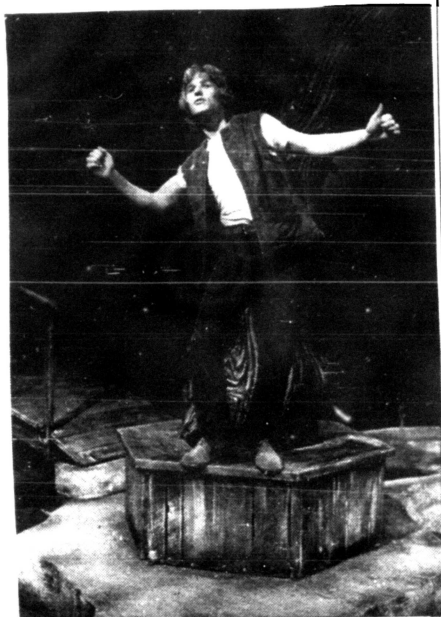
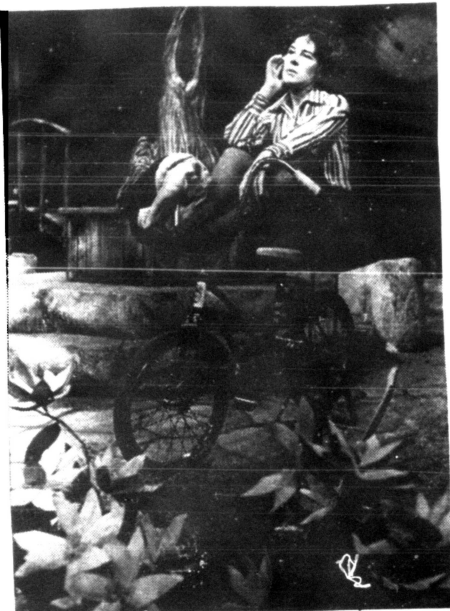
PARK, a musical about, of all things, an informal group therapy session held by the four members of a family in a public park, is currently playing at Center Stage before opening in New York later this Spring. Well, it had to happen... Our contemporary fascination with the psychologic, and more recently, with encounter groups, has revealed its influence in strange places. Now, we have the Psychological Musical!

Oddly enough, it works well and has so many positive points (albeit unexpectedly so), that I think Center Stage may have an unqualified success on their hands. It's been a long time since I've heard a new musical and actually enjoyed the music—in PARK, terrifically versatile group from Peabody Conservatory is no less than delightful. I found myself as I left the theater. A rare thing in this age of "formula composition".

Book and lyrics are by Paul Cherry, who has done a praiseworthy job of actually making characters of disparate ages real, without the usual preaching which seems inherent in plays about generation conflict.

Joan Hackett is particularly outstanding as the older sister in scenes with her freak brother, Ted Leplat, who previously played in "Boys in the Band" David Brooks and Julie Wilson bring more skilled voices to their parts as the Mother and Father.

Special kudos is deserved by Jason Phillips for an extremely flexible set, and to the director, John Stix for his sensitive probing into a play which seems to have



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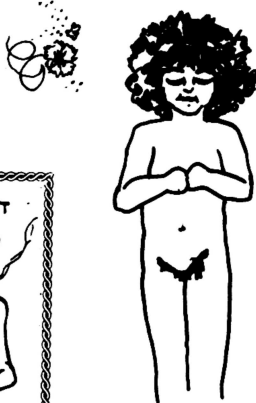
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Record Review

by George Sadtler

Percy Mayfield sings
Percy Mayfield RCA LSP 4269

Percy Mayfield is a soul music writer, who decided to cut an album. Unfortunately, Percy Mayfield sings with about as much expression as the time lady.

One of his better known songs is *Please Send Me Someone to Love*, which Fred Neil did such a great version of; but the songs in this particular collection really don't make it anymore than the singing.

Oddly enough, it's the sidemen on this album who save it. These studio veterans, led by Eric Gale (who plays incredible B. B. King style guitar), make the album a real pleasure to listen to.

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WANT SOME DOPE

by ELLIOT SIRKIN

The first five minutes of *M*A*S*H* are depressingly juvenile—agonizing reminders of *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?* and *How I Won the War*—but the rest of the movie is another thing entirely: it's the opposite of college humor (which is what practically all Hollywood and British satire is, even when it's good), because it has purpose and a consistently critical-minded energy in charge of it. One big informing idea makes something stable and intelligible out of the fragmented Ring Lardner, Jr. screenplay and keeps the movie's equilibrium from falling off—the idea being that even though having to fight with an inanely self-serving system of regulations is a pain, it's up to people who've got talent and sensibility (men like the two Korean War surgeons played by Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland) to create sanity and justice where there is none. The screenplay and the heroes share a common will: they both want to get through and make sense out of idiocy. When the Elliott Gould character is arrested for punching out a vindictive religious liar, he just shrugs the MP's off with a disbelieving "Oh, come off it", and leaves, not gloating, but pretty disgusted. That's funny—in an unself-consciously human way—because the comedy comes straight from the script's intuitive, consistent understanding of its people and their way of thinking. The same keenness is at work in its handling of the army-tool characters, the discipline-freaks: a sweaty little conversation between the fanatic and a stiff, authoritarian nurse that has them ludicrously camouflaging their sex drives (I'll stop by later and see if you're all right." "No, you don't have to." "But I want to.") is probably the funniest thing in the movie, and in its own ghastly way, also the most moving. Lardner's comic sense is truthfull and genuinely sophisticated—always so cleanly wrought—and when it occasionally turns Terry Southern-like, gets flip or sly—with teenybopper-oriented cracks about grass, and "Sixty-nine is divine" football cheers, and disastrously flat puns on religious painting—it's not just disappointing, it's a maddeningly lazy betrayal of something very valuable. A script that can take a cliché situation (here, actually not much more than the service-comedy format about the two lovable buddies who go around cracking jokes and playing Mr. Fix-it until new orders from the front come and split them up for good) and get close to unchecked spark and

sharpness out of it isn't an ordinary thing. But it's one of the few hopes for the future of decent popular movie-making.

*M*A*S*H* certainly doesn't have to depend on self-parody to make itself work, but there are times when it mocks the kind of movie it is and seems as much satire on army satire as satire on the army—but unobtrusively, never in the excruciatingly careless style of most genre parody. Crazy-sounding messages about which Hollywood war-movie is going to be shown what night and where are always being read over the camp PA, and a lot of what happens on screen *does* go back to those late Fifties-banter and bombs—great old days of World War II programmers that used to star Dan Dailey and Victor Mature, and sometimes Mickey Rooney; only this time their characters and plot set-ups have been reformed into the sorts of people and things that fit in with a different sort of outlook. The gorgeous-frigid lady soldier whose ice-pack smirk by tradition gets melted down by the hero's easy charm is there, but the only things that even get close to thawing her out are violence, money, and sex. The tight-squeeze sequence has to be in somewhere, of course, but it's barely recognisable when it turns on a secret, hypersensitive life and death chest operation that clashes with a golf date. The main characters still know exactly what kinds of treatment the people they help out need, but the people they help out aren't the usual assortment of natives and homesick buck-privates—they are more like latently homosexual suicides and knocked-up geisha girls. The indispensable eccentric contraption that gets all the preconditioned laughs is around, too, but it's used to pull apart the shower tent and settle a does-she-or-doesn't-she? bet about the chief nurse's blonde hair. There's probably no service-comedy precedent for suddenly having one of the bit actors break into a few-hundred choruses of the movie's big song—a ballad that punctures the gooey Simon and Garfunkle breed of lyricism very wickedly—in one of its big moments, but taken straight, the scene could be right out of a dismantled *From Here to Eternity* or *To Sir, With Love*.

The director, Robert Altman (his only movie work before *M*A*S*H* that I know of was one some Sandy Dennis epic) is extremely careful about making his authority symbols humanly credible—freeing them, really, to save or convict

themselves on their own, even when the script burlesques them pretty crudely. The piously brutal lieutenant is seen as a manly, restrained, soft-speaking type, so that once it's clear that he's a dangerously perverted character, he's doubly frightening. The ritual-clutching nurse isn't a grotesque or a witch, but obviously a well-intending jerk with a cause; the camp chaplain is sweet and obliging, if a little slow to catch on; the huffy hospital staff-officer in the Japanese sector is a tired, wet-eyed waspy West Point sort, not at all the fussy old maid that he'd normally be played as. And the commanding officers of the rival units (neither of whom is much fonder of the army than Gould and Sutherland) come off as even-handed, sincere people—one a sort of perennially jolly summer-camp counselor, the other in the spirit of a New England boys' school headmaster who hasn't lost any of the old spunk. An amazing amount of subtlety and invention (in no way common to most director's first big time films) charges nearly everything Altman has done: he smooths over the cheap sarcasm of having some of the characters sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" to a patsy, and he damn near makes the banally exploited quotes from MacArthur and Eisenhower that start the movie off vanish; jacked up Howard Stine's gusty photography, he even manages to get some life out of a tediously over-extended slapstick football game that's as dumb as the one in *Horsefeathers*.

There's always something mature and self-knowing about Altman's attitude toward the movie—a stand that pays off brilliantly in his staging of the bloody operating room scenes that constantly break up the action. Some people apparently can't stand it, but the surgical carnage is handled discreetly, observed no differently from the wretched-looking dispensary food or the muddy, pinup-lined tents. The gore is a fact—the most awful in a string of day-to-day atrocities that the station's people are up against—and there's nothing pornographic or calculatingly shocking about the way in which it's presented; spilled gush are all over the place, but they're there for dramatic reasons, not sadistic ones. Still, it's in one of the few "serious" scenes (a shy, trembling orderly hearing that he's brought on a patient's death) that Altman's adult sense of what's right is at its most exquisite, worthy almost

of the tactful compassion of the renoir of *The Grand Illusion* and *The Rules of the Game*: there's really enough tenderness and human feeling in just a few seconds of one of his shots here to get a whole movie going—enough art, too.

Elliott Gould's Trapper John McIntyre (again, he's not a very convincing gentle, but this time the friction is used cleverly) is unusually slick, but also sober and elegantly played. Most young American actors would flop badly if they tried to ape the throwaway style of French new-wave comedy, but Gould really does a lot more with it than any number of native French humorists have been able to do; he stays on top of all the casual gimmickry, never letting it go slack or affected, always keeping some emotional stake in what's happening to his character—if there has to be any one force at the movie's center, then it's his Trapper John. Donald Sutherland's horsey face is a big asset to his Hawkeye, and there's always something willing and relaxed about him, but his role is much too subtly written for the fraternity-party travesty intonations that he mangles it with. (Anyhow, his acting is still good enough to make up for his having been in *Joanna*.) Setting them off, Sally Kellerman's head nurse is a great combination of Ginger Rogers and Margaret Dumont, a blend of both healthy and arrogant stupidity that's marred only by the incongruous New York-chic of her beauty, and—as a much less uptight girl in Khaki—Joanne Pflug is funny and very pretty, especially when she's on her back. But the cast's real achievement is the ensemble work, the perfect symmetry and closeness that everyone in the movie realizes through everyone else; more than anything, that's what's behind the exhilaration of the audiences who laugh at *M*A*S*H*, thrilling them in a way that the acting in a movie by Robert Downey or Jean-Luc Godard could not.



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DRUMMER age 23, looking for gig, anything but country and western. Barton Brown - 276-8059.

communism," Cubans on the boat told the *Brigadistas* from the North. And if they say so with a certain wryness, they mean it dead seriously. Huge combines designed by a Cuban engineer named Henderson will harvest the 1975 sugar crop. That much has been decided, and goes a long way to explain why the people of the island are enthusiastic about 1970.

When the Venceremos Brigade reached Cuba, we had little trouble understanding why Cuba is a forbidden land. As the "Bergnes" pulled into Havana harbor early on the morning of February 19, another boat about the same size cut wild circles around us. Scores of Cubans on the other deck screamed and chanted a welcome that was only matched on shore. There we met hundreds of people: many of them school children, others, members of a star cane-cutting brigade, and some just working people of Havana. In a few minutes the Brigade was whisked from the ship into waiting catching only a few bars of whatever the brass band was playing, and fleeting glimpses of the throngs of smiling people.

The busses drove off into the countryside and it was the countryside that told us the most. It was there that the people suffered the most before the

FOUND: Girl's personal possessions left in our car by hitch-hikers from Hopkins to Fells Point on First Week in March. Call 323-9659.

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SEXUAL FREEDOM Quarterly No. 2, publ. by the Sexual Freedom League. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034H San Francisco 94114

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Revolution, working 16 hours a day for 3 months in the year, and, likely as not, starving the other 9 months. Such misery made possible the wealth of Havana's aristocracy and the constant fattening of the pocketbooks of U.S. investors.

Now medicine is free for all Cubans. So is education. And although many still are in small cabins with stitched palm-leaf roofs, cement floors have become almost universal. Above all, work is steady and subsistence is assured these days.

We saw hundreds of people working together in groups, and as we passed them, they looked up and burst into smiles, waved, and flashed the V-signs that stand for Venceremos! "We Shall Win!"

It is this Cuba that the U.S. government did not want us to see. This is a place where peasants think as we do and where massive welcomes are received for people who are committed to rebellion against inhumane society, not for idle politicians like Golda Meir and Georges Pompidou.

CUT IN CUBA

ted franklin

Over a million more than 650 North Americans—most of them young—are cutting sugar cane in the historic ten million ton harvest much to the sorrow of the State Department.

The Venceremos Brigade camp, located in Havana province, is filled with people sharpening their machetes. While the American contingent is learning the art of cane cutting, their predecessors, 216 in number, are now back in the States.

It isn't easy to go to Cuba. You have to go a long way out of your way and defy some of the small print in your passport in the process. Cuba is a forbidden country.

Five hundred tour busses contracted to a fictional company named Ski Master. The busses slithered across the states from Seattle and San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit, up from Washington, New York and Boston, passed an obscure border station at Calais, Maine, and finally gathered in the port city of St. John, New Brunswick, where a Cuban ship was expected to dock.

One bus almost didn't make it up a hill in the snow-swept backwoods of Maine. The passengers got out and pushed. At rest stops, people stuck together in groups as the cameras of pursuing FBI men sprouted. One bus was temporarily turned away at the Canadian border because its occupants did not understand the need to answer all questions of border officials truthfully.

But everyone finally made it to the St. John pier where the Cuban ship, Luis Arcos Bergnes, named after one of the eighty-six Cuban heroes who rode across the Gulf of Mexico in 1956 to spark the revolutionary war, waited to greet them. In seven days Cuban workers had transformed the Bergnes from a medium size cattle transport to a well-turned passenger ship, complete with revolutionary poster art, tiers of hot showers, a small motion picture theater and surgery. The somewhat dazed and disoriented new arrivals were handed cups of hot tea.

A boat full of black, chicano, latino, white and native American revolutionaries rarely sets sail. And rarer still is a ship some of whose crew members fought in the Sierra Maestra during Cuba's Revolutionary War.

The main hall was full of talk, people trading pasts, politics and their guesses as to what it would be like to live and work in Cuba. Each night an eight man band, mostly percussion, kicked off a party by filling the air with popular Cuban music.

But there was something vaguely confusing about the voyage—something that struck almost everybody in mid-stream—it was the sort of nightmarish realization that while all we could see

was water, only 30 or 40 miles off the starboard side hulked the USA we had left behind. News was reaching the Brigade only in snatches, as we slid past Portland, Boston, New Haven, New York, Newark, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Durham, Atlanta, Miami.

We heard that Julius Hoffman had finally slapped the Chicago Conspiracy with unappealable contempt sentences like Bobby Seale—and issued charges designed to put their lawyers in jail to boot. On that huge ulcerous continent off to our right, we pictured violent street scenes, cops waving guns, and our friends wielding bottles.

It was also Huey Newton's birthday, his third in jail; and we wondered what fires were burning in Babylon.

Already we felt the frustration of exile, knowing that the most important tasks of a revolutionary remains at home. We realized that for the next few months Los Siete de la Raza and the New York Panther 21 would be up on trial, and the struggle to defend them would be out of our hands.

But we had a revolutionary task to accomplish in Cuba too.

The whole Cuban people are now mobilized for a 10 million ton sugar harvest (the previous record is little more than seven million tons.)

The harvest must be completed before the rains of July. It's all out there waiting to be cut, and vast numbers of

Cubans with other jobs volunteer to spend a few weeks in the cane fields cutting the crop which is still Cuba's No. 1 source of wealth.

If Cubans harvest the 10 million tons, then Cuba will be free to embark in a mass program to put an end to the island's most tedious and backbreaking work: the cutting of cane by hand.

"It is our opinion that the manual cutting of cane is incompatible with

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE



MARCH 20

MUSIC:

Robbie Patt, Mike Curran - Son of Coffee Grounds, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Dr.

Gregory "Omar" Kihn - Universal Panacea, 200 S. Duke St., York, Pa.

Doe Watson, Dave Brosburg - The Main Point, 374 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Bette White - Hartford Jr. College

Aux - Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 8 p.m. \$2. 467-4404

Warath - Seed of Discovery, 236 E. 25th St. 243-9234

"The Beggar's Opera" by John Gay EOC student production, Ridge Rd. & Kennedy Expressway - 8:30 p.m. 612-6000

ART:

Sculptures & Drawings - Pells Point Gallery, 311 S. Broadway

MARCH 21

MUSIC:

Md. Youth Symphony Orch. *8 p.m. Angelo Gatto, director Murphy Aud. Coldspring La. & Hillen Rd.

The Main Point - see Mar. 20th

Gregory Kihn - Universal Panacea see Mar. 20th

Meat - Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 243-9234 8 p.m. \$2.

"The Beggar's Opera" - Essex CC see Mar. 20th

MARCH 22

MUSIC:

The Jefferson Airplane - Balt. Civic Center, 201 W. Baltimore St. 615-7232 8 p.m.

Senior Recital featuring Beverly Honlie, pianist - Morgan Christian Center, Coldspring La. & Hillen Rd. 7 p.m.

The Main Point - see Mar. 20th

Michael Hunt - Crossroads, Faith Presbyterian Church, Locustaven Blvd. & Woodbourn Ave.

MARCH 23

MUSIC & LUNCH:

Annual Lenten Luncheon - YWCA 128 W. Franklin St. 12:15 p.m. Music provided by The Mergenthaler High School Choir MUS-1460

MARCH 25

MUSIC:

Baltimore Symphony - Berl Senofsky, violinist, Lyric Theatre 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 615-5086

Peabody Conservatory of Music Chamber Orch., Leonard Pearlman, director, Peabody Concert Hall, 1 E. Mt. Vernon Pl. 337-0600

The Peabody Contemporary Music Ensemble - Peabody Conservatory 1 E. Mt. Vernon Pl. 337-0600

DANCE:

Howard U. School work alumni Howard Room, Civic Center 201 W. Baltimore St.

ART:

Senior show - The Maryland Institute of Art, Mt. Royal Station 7 p.m. - 10 p.m. (thru Apr. 15) reception Mar. 30

MARCH 26

MUSIC:

Baltimore Symphony - Comissiona, conducting, see Mar. 25th

Tom Paxton & Livingston Taylor - The Main Point, 374 Lancaster Ave Bryn Mawr, Pa.

MARCH 27

MUSIC:

Timber Ridge Singers - Son of Coffee Grounds, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Dr.

Tom Paxton - The Main Point see Mar. 26th

Joushus - The Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 467-4404 8 p.m.

THEATRE:

"Heads" by Cavellieri & "Hartford Train Station" by Linda Miller - Corner Theater, 353 N. Howard St 8 p.m. 723-412

"The Indian wants the Bronx" & "The Gnadires Fraulein" - 2 one-act plays at Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 695-5920 8:30 p.m.

MARCH 28

MUSIC:

Baltimore Symphony Children's Show - Lyric Theatre, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 615-5086

The Main Point - see Mar. 26

Bette White - The Senity Inn, St. Bartholomew's Church 4713 Edmonson Ave. 566-9693

Warath - Gold Standard Coffeehouse, Second Presbyterian Church St. Paul & Stedford Rd.

Aves Oaken - The Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 467-4404 8 p.m.

FEATURE:

Co-op outing - rock climbing for intermediates desiring advanced standing.

THEATRE:

Center Stage - see Mar. 27th.

Corner Theater - See Mar. 27th.

MARCH 29

MUSIC:

Tom Paxton - The Main Point see Mar. 26th

FREE CONCERT IN NYMAN PARK 1 - 5

THEATRE:

Center Stage, 2 One-acts - see Mar. 27th (call for Sun. times)

MARCH 30

MUSIC:

Viol Sonata - Arthur Lewis, violinist; Florence Prentz Snyder, pianist - Jewish Community Center

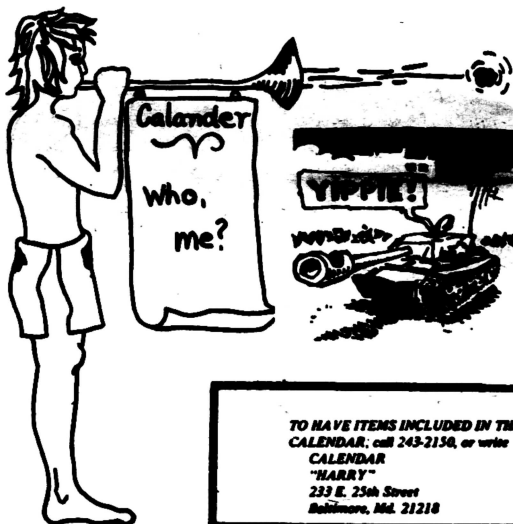
MEETING:

Fellowship of Lights - mass meeting, Central YMCA 9 p.m. (see story page 4)

MARCH 31

MUSIC:

Philadelphia Orch., Eugene Ormandy, conducting Lyric Theatre 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 615-5086



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